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# Starlift

By John D. Klorer

Nell Wayne.

Hey, that's the dame you're looking for.

- Yeah.

- Not bad, not bad.

I see what you mean.

Come on, let's find the one  
that's breathing.

Hey, bud,

where can we find Nell Wayne?

**On-stage, 9:**

We wanna see her now.

- The corporal here is a friend of Nelly's.

- Oh, that's great.

When she steps out of her limousine,  
he can wave to her.

Look, pal, you don't get it.

They're both from Youngstown, Ohio.

They've been like that  
since they were kids.

My, what an uncomfortable position  
for both of them.

"My, what an uncomfor..."

I'd like to hit him a shot...

Look, Mike, I wish you'd stop  
telling people...

...that Nell Wayne and I

**are like this:**

- Why?

- Because we're not even like that:

- We don't even know each other.

- You came from the same town.

- You went to the same school.

- Your father was even her dentist.

But he was a lot of people's dentist.

- Did he fix your teeth?

- Well, sure.

What more do you want?

Your pivot tooth and hers  
can talk over old times.

- Oh, I don't know.

- Hey, there's Ruth Roman.

Hey, you can't go in there.

**RICK:**

Thanks and we'll see you tonight.

- All right, Miss Roman.

- Miss Roman?

- I'd like to ask you a question.

- Well, sure.

How do you feel about love?

Oh, what is this?

The Air Force conducting a survey?

No, ma'am.

But I've got a buddy outside...

Excuse us, will you, pal?

Miss Roman, Corporal Rick Williams,  
United States Air Force.

- Hi, Rick.

- Hello.

- So you're from Youngstown?

- Yes, ma'am.

Does Nell know you're in town?

- No, ma'am.

- Good, we'll surprise her then. Come on.

- Where are we going?

- To the hotel.

They're all over there.

I've already explained we can't stay  
more than three or four days.

Look, Miss Roman, do you think  
we ought to barge in like this?

Look, if I were like that with somebody  
and he didn't come to see me...

...I'd never forgive him.

Sorry.

Someday I hope to have the pleasure  
of knocking you down in person.

- [SINGING] You're gonna lose your gal

- [SINGING] You're gonna lose your gal

- You don't know who's your gal

- You don't know who's your gal

You're acting like a two-time lover

Keepin' kisses undercover

- You'll wake up and soon discover

- You'll wake up and soon discover

- You're gonna lose your gal

- You're gonna lose your gal  
You're gonna fret away  
You're gonna fret away  
- You're bound to get that way  
- You're bound to get that way  
Oh, how can you be so conceited?  
Take her heart  
And then you mistreat it  
- You can't have your cake and eat it  
- You can't have your cake and eat it  
- You're gonna lose your gal  
- You're gonna lose your gal  
- And when she's gone  
- And when she's gone  
She won't come back  
She won't come back  
They don't come back  
Won't come back  
Once they're gone  
- You're gonna be surprised  
- You're gonna be surprised  
You never realized  
You never realized  
That someone else can treat her nicer  
Someone else can shoes-and-rice her  
- Someone else will paradise her  
- Someone else will paradise her  
- You're gonna lose your gal  
- You're gonna lose your gal  
- And when she's gone  
- And when she's gone  
She won't come back  
She won't come back  
They don't come back  
Won't come back  
- Once they're gone  
- Once they're gone  
You're gonna find someday  
The gal went thataway  
Now you forgot to analyze her  
With your love, you've been a miser  
- Tomorrow you'll be sad but wiser  
- Tomorrow you'll be sad but wiser  
- You're gonna lose your gal

- You're gonna lose your gal
- You're gonna lose
- You're gonna lose
- You're gonna lose
- You're gonna lose
- You're gonna lose your gal
- You're gonna lose your gal

**GORDON:**

**DORIS:**

Wipe the egg off your face,  
it's only Doris Day.

And the fella, if you care,  
is Gordon MacRae.

Thank you very much, Roman.

- Hello, corporal.

- Hi.

Sergeant.

Gee, Mr. MacRae,

I certainly am glad to meet you.

Play your cards right,

I can get you into pictures.

- Yeah?

- Second balcony next to me.

- Who buys the popcorn?

- Depends on who buys the tickets.

The boys are friends of Nell's.

Where is she?

She's antique shopping in Chinatown  
with Jimmy Cagney.

- Can you picture that?

- I got out of it...

...because I promised the producer

I'd take the boat ride to Alcatraz.

What's your hurry? The excursion boat  
doesn't leave for an hour yet.

I wanna make sure

he got me a roundtrip ticket.

Well, so long, fellas.

- So long.

- Come on, fellas, sit down.

Well, as long as Nell isn't here,

I guess we better be getting along.

**RUTH:**

don't wanna wait...

...why don't you come backstage  
at the theater?

Oh, we're due back at the base at 6.

Yes. We're shoving off tonight.

Overseas.

**RUTH:**

Well...

...Nell would never forgive us if  
we let you get away without seeing her.

You guys look pretty hungry.

How about having a bite to eat, huh?

- Oh, no, we couldn't...

- Sure we could.

As of now, we've just canceled  
a previous engagement...

...that we didn't have.

Fine.

Room service?

You know, Doris,

I saw your first picture 47 times.

Forty-seven times?

- Did you, really?

- Yeah.

Hey, Ruth, meet the new president  
of the Doris Day Fan Club.

Yep, 47 times. All on account  
of a little difference of opinion...

...between me and a general.

- What was that?

He had influence

and the first thing I know...

...I'm crew chief of a movie projector  
at the base theater.

Forty-seven times I had to run off  
that picture of yours.

Thanks a lot.

Your picture was in English.

You should've seen those foreign things  
they sent us.

There was one French film with English

titles across the bottom of the screen?  
Well, anyway, this girl, this French girl  
was standing in her boudoir.  
And this French guy,  
he comes into the boudoir...  
...he looks at her and he says:  
[SPEAKING NONSENSE WORDS]  
Then the English title comes across  
the bottom of the screen.  
He said, "How's your mother?"  
[WOMEN LAUGHING]  
He doesn't do so good  
with the dialogue...  
...but he certainly remembers  
all the action.  
Oh, I don't know about that.  
I remember dialogue too.  
In the middle of Jimmy Cagney's picture  
White Heat, the sound went off.  
I raced to the screen,  
took over for Cagney...  
...and nobody even knew  
the difference. Listen.  
[IMITATING CAGNEY]  
Pardo...  
...I've been watching you.  
So far, you ain't done anything  
I can put my finger on.  
But maybe that's what bothers me.  
I don't know you  
and what I don't know, I don't trust.  
To me, you're just a number and a face.  
We'll keep it that way.  
When I need your advice, I'll ask for it.  
Now look here, pal.  
I don't like people going on imitating me,  
you understand? I don't like it.  
I'm not imitating you.  
Since when is there a law against  
people talking like this?  
Well, you know, there ought to be?  
And between us, one of us is very bad.  
[IN NORMAL VOICE] Oh, I don't know.  
I think you do it even better than I do.

Had a little more practice.

**DORIS:**

- Shopping.

Somebody should have warned me.

That kid is headed  
for Antiques Anonymous.

Jimmy, meet Mike Nolan  
and Rick Williams.

- Mike. Rick.

- Hello, Mr. Cagney.

Sarge, you ever go shopping  
with a dame?

No, I usually go shopping for them.

Clever boy. I'll see you around.

**RUTH:**

**DORIS:**

- Say, Mr. Cagney?

- Yeah, son.

There's something I've wanted to ask.

- What is it?

- I've noticed in a lot of your pictures...

...before you're gonna hit a guy...

...you walk up

and you do something like this:

Oh, you mean... this?

Yeah, that's right.

Why do you do that?

That's simple.

No belt.

- So long, son.

- So long, Mr. Cagney.

Say, he's quite a guy, isn't he?

Hey, I forgot to give him

my autograph.

Sit down,

you're making the place look shabby.

Nell should be here any minute.

Yeah, if you don't mind,

I think I'll wait for her in the elevator.

Sit down, relax.

Well, I really didn't wanna meet her



like this.

Well, why didn't you say so?

He wants to meet her alone.

We can fix that.

We can wait in the next room.

- Come on.

- Sure.

Hey, Mike. Don't you leave me too.

What do you want me to stay here for?

I mean, after all, that's silly.

I don't even know the girl.

- Hello.

- Hello.

Where is everybody?

- In there.

- Oh.

I guess you don't remember me.

Should I?

Gosh, you sure look different.

Different from what?

From when you were a pompom girl.

- A pompom girl?

- Yeah, back in Youngstown High.

Oh!

You'll have to forgive me, corporal.

It was a long time ago.

So you're from Youngstown.

Yeah, I'm Rick Williams.

Yes?

My father was your dentist.

Oh, really?

Gee...

...your teeth sure turned out beautiful.

Thank you.

Dad still keeps your pictures  
in his office.

Those before and after things?

Just to show

what a wonderful job braces can do.

How nice.

Yeah.

Well, it's been nice

seeing you again, corporal.

Well, how's your father?

He's fine.

Youngstown sure misses your family.

Why, you can't get a good malt  
in the old town anymore.

That's too bad.

The fella that took over  
your father's shop?

Well, he cut the ice cream down  
to one scoop.

If you'll excuse me, corporal,  
I have a few things to do.

- Goodbye.

- Bye.

Hi, Nell. I'm Rick's buddy.

If you're looking for Doris and Ruth,  
they're getting gussied up.

Hey, you better hurry up.

We haven't got much time.

**NELL:**

what this is all about?

Waiting for you made the boys late.

So we're driving them back  
to Travis Air Base.

**NELL:**

But how can we?

- What about the premiere?

- We'll be back.

That's why we're dressing now  
so we can go straight to the theater.

Suppose we have a flat tire  
or something?

Kids, I can't be late. I've gotta tape  
an interview with Louella Parsons.

Honey, Rick's going overseas tonight.

Maybe he didn't tell you.

But I don't even know him.

He didn't know me

until just a few minutes ago.

Doris and I guessed that an hour ago.

But he's been reading your publicity.

And besides,

his father was your dentist.

You two have a lot in common.  
Here, climb into this.

**MAN 1:**

into left-hand traffic runway, 2-1 left.  
Altimeter 301 0.  
MAN 2 [O VER RADIO]:  
9504, roger out.  
MAN 3 [O VER RADIO]:  
Travis tower 4682, turning base.

**MAN 1:**

check turning final.  
[HORN HONKING]  
- What's the trouble, Collins?  
- Movie stars, sir.  
And I can't let them in.  
What a pity.  
Anything I can do?  
We've driven all the way  
from San Francisco.  
Can't we see the boys take off?  
Well, I think under the circumstances,  
that can be arranged.  
- Thanks.  
- Gee, thank you, sir.  
Collins...  
...give the girls a visitor's pass.  
- I'll be responsible.  
- Yes, sir.  
Thank you, Collins.  
- Say, how about some autographs?

**DORIS:**

Thanks, captain.  
Here I am in a convertible  
with three beautiful babes.  
I should do what any red-blooded  
American boy would do in this spot.  
What's that?  
Go over the hill.

**RICK:**

- It's all right, don't hurry.

**DORIS:**

all about Youngstown.

- I had to talk about something.

- I've gotta give you credit, Nell.

For a gal who was roped into something,  
you certainly carried the ball.

If I took his mind off going to war  
even for a minute, I'm glad I came.

You really fixed things up this time.

Yeah, that's gratitude.

Movie stars out there to wave us  
goodbye and you're beefing.

Yeah, but they think  
we're flying off to war.

And so we are.

We're just not going all the way.

How am I gonna tell Nell

I'll be back in two days?

That all we do is fly back and forth  
between here and Honolulu.

We might just as well be hostesses  
for TWA.

Listen, buster, every quale in the world  
is looking for a pet hero to adopt.

If you tell her,  
you'll only make her unhappy.

So don't tell her.

Who knows?

You might even marry her.

Then she could send us an allotment.

Hey, buster,  
you forgot your swimming trunks.

Well, this is it, girls.

They won't let you go any farther  
but you can watch from over there.

MAN [O VER SPEAKERS]:

Your attention, please.

Alerting Military Air Transport  
Flight 77.

All personnel,  
report to passenger terminal...

... and stand by for call.

I guess that's our load.

Forty-eight hours from now...  
...they'll be at the front.  
Attention, transport control.  
Passengers for Flight 30  
now proceeding to aircraft.  
In a picture once, I played a scene  
where I told a soldier goodbye.  
Now that it's real...  
...I don't quite know what to say.  
Well, I'll be back.  
I'm sure you will.  
Here's something I want you to wear  
for good luck.  
My mother gave it to my father  
during the First World War.  
I can't get it off.  
Hurry it up, will you, Rick?  
This is no time to twist the girl's arm.  
Don't move.  
I wanna remember you  
just as you are now.  
It's a picture I'll carry with me  
wherever I go...  
...and as long as I'm away.  
Stop being corny, Mike.  
You can kiss us goodbye.  
- I can?  
- Yeah.  
One at a time or both together?  
Oh, brother, this is...

**MAN 1:**

- Yeah, Ruth Roman, we're...

**MAN 2:**

**MIKE:**

**MAN 3:**

**MIKE:**

All right, come on, break it up,  
will you?  
All right. Come on.

Back to your barracks, then.

Attention. Get... Fellas.

Hey.

- Sergeant Nolan?

- Yes, sir.

- Your flight is making up.

- Yes. In a minute, sir.

You're late already. Get going.

Yes, sir.

**RUTH:**

Well, I think that's very funny.

Seems my prize package

has been discovered, colonel.

Proves you're a man of ideas,

chaplain.

And good ones.

Men. Men, your flight's making up.

I think you'd better shove off.

- Sorry.

**DORIS:**

- I'm sorry, bye.

- Bye-bye.

Good luck.

Oh, this is Colonel Callan,

our base commander.

- Miss Day.

- How do you do?

- Hello.

- Miss Roman.

- Nice to meet you.

- And Miss Wayne.

- How are you?

- Hello.

- We were sort of surrounded.

- Yes, I can see that.

Say, before the word gets around...

...and everybody in the terminal

comes out...

...suppose we all go over there.

- All right.

- All right.

Those guys sure messed things up.

Nell was gonna give me  
a good luck charm.  
Oh, that's nothing.  
Ruth and Doris were about to kiss me.  
Their four lips against my two.  
Oh, what beautiful odds.  
Your attention, please.  
All personnel,  
Military Air Transport Flight 92...  
... report to Gate 1 immediately.  
Your attention, please.  
The overseas transports fly in  
and out of here around the clock.  
There's always a constant flow of men  
to fill them.  
You mean this isn't unusual?  
No, it's pretty much the picture  
any hour of the night or day.

**RUTH:**

Where will their next stop be?  
Well, their destination  
is the closest airfield to the front.  
Two days from now, they'll be ready  
to go into action with their units.  
This waiting around to move out  
is the one thing that gets them down.  
There's nothing to do but just wait.  
The hours drag  
and they get pretty bored.  
[PLAYING PIANO]  
We even rigged this up.  
Don't stop.  
- Hi.  
- Hi.  
Hello.  
- Gee, it sounds wonderful.  
- Thank you.  
That left hand sounds like it came from  
a way down yonder in New Orleans.  
- No, ma'am. Hoboken, New Jersey.

**RUTH:**

Now you know that all good jazz

comes from Hoboken, New Jersey.  
What was the name of that?  
Oh, that was just a little thing  
I sort of whipped up for myself.  
- Well, don't just sit there. Un-whip it.  
- All right.  
Hi, fellas.  
Look, this whole thing  
is a surprise to us.  
We didn't come prepared.  
But we do have Doris Day.  
How would you like to hear her  
do a number?  
Well, Hoboken,  
what do we both know, huh?  
MAN [O VER SPEAKERS]:  
Attention, please.  
All military personnel  
for Special Flight 18...  
... will depart on Flight 92.  
Report to Gate 1 immediately.  
That's me. I guess they just won't leave  
without me.  
I'm sorry, Miss Day.  
- You mean you have to go right now?  
- I sure do. I'm glad to have met you.  
Report to Gate 1 immediately.  
Goodbye, good luck.  
Anybody here play piano?

**MAN:**

- Well, I need something.  
Hey, what's in the jukebox,  
my friend?  
- How about "'S Wonderful?"  
- It's wonderful.  
["'S WONDERFUL" PLAYS  
ON JUKEBO X]  
[SINGING]  
Wonderful  
It's marvelous  
You should care for me  
It's awful nice  
It's paradise



It's what I love to see  
You've made my life so glamorous  
You can't blame me  
For feeling amorous  
Oh, it's wonderful  
It's marvelous  
That you should care for me  
My dears, it's four-leaf clover time  
From now on  
My heart's workin' overtime  
Oh, it's wonderful  
It's so marvelous  
That you should care for me  
It's wonderful, marvelous, glorious  
It's glamorous  
That you should care for me.

**MAN:**

Your attention, please.  
All personnel for Flight 77,  
report to Gate 3 immediately.  
- Your attention, please.  
- Seventy-seven is Rick's flight.  
We didn't even get a chance  
to say goodbye.  
Let's talk to the colonel.  
I'm sure he can fix it.  
- Yeah.  
- Fine thing.  
First my piano player,  
then my audience walks out.  
You know, I feel like  
a second lieutenant up here.  
Things ain't bad enough.  
Now I gotta airlift those same guys...  
...that fouled up  
the most beautiful day of my life.  
For 2 cents, I'd go back there  
and really tell them off.  
Here's a nickel.  
- Oh, I don't wanna make a profit.

**MAN 1:**

**MAN 2:**

Fireguard on Number 3.

**MAN 1:**

Start Number 3.

It happens every time  
we start an engine.

Here.

Ready to taxi.

**MAN 3:**

wants Corporal Rick Williams.

Only take a minute.

Williams.

Hey, Williams.

- Get moving, the colonel wants you.

- Oh, yes, sir.

Hey, that's them.

- They must wanna see me too, sir.

- Say, you made a fast recovery.

Girls work better on me  
than Dramamine.

Yeah, well just lie down again, Rover,  
nobody asked for you.

Oh, skipper.

I almost missed you. In another minute,  
you'd have been gone.

Well, gee, is this plane  
being held up for me?

Well, us, with a little help  
from Colonel Callan.

I couldn't let you get away  
without this.

- I know it'll bring you luck.

**MAN 1:**

Stop stalling, Romeo, kiss her.

Come on, corporal,

you're holding up the war.

- Once for me, corporal.

**MAN 2:**

What are you waiting for?

- You want her to show you how?

- I think I know what they wanna see.

**MAN 3:**

**MAN 4:**

Hey, Rick.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Bye. Write me.

Tower to 77.

Runway 2-1, right, cleared for takeoff.

Where's that one from?

**CALLAN:**

Same place the other one left for.

Sort of like Grand Central Station,  
isn't it?

**CALLAN:**

In a way.

The planes go out

carrying troops to the war zone.

Then they come back as hospital ships,  
bringing the wounded home.

You've just told

some of the boys goodbye.

- How about telling some hello?

- Okay.

- Hi, colonel.

- Hello there.

- Don't remember me, do you?

- You do look familiar to me.

A week ago today, I was on the carpet  
in your office.

Say, send that blond WAC around  
and I'll apologize to her.

Hi, babes.

Drop up and see me sometime.

And I thought I was doing him a favor  
by not putting him in the guardhouse.

- Well, hello.

- Well, hello. Welcome to California.

I sure am getting around.

Day before yesterday,

they put this cast on my arm in Tokyo.

- Really?

- But what am I doing in Hollywood?

- Oh, this isn't Hollywood.

- What are you doing here?

We're the reception committee.

Hey, here's something even  
the draft board didn't even promise us.  
You're only dreaming, boys, it isn't so.  
Come on, over to the ambulance.  
Seems as if we're snafuing the airlift.  
See you fellas later.

Oh, colonel.

If John Wayne's up here,  
have him see me later.

Colonel, what happens to them now?

Tomorrow or the next day...

...we'll fly them to the general hospital  
that's closest to their homes.

That's the toughest waiting there is.

That waiting to get home.

It's a pity you have to get back  
to San Francisco.

There are 300 boys at that hospital  
who didn't get a chance to see you.

- I'll flip you to see who calls the theater.

- I'll do it and I'll square you with Louella.

We're on.

**MAN:**

Right in here, boys.

Yeah, I think this spot's  
about as good as any.

Set them up as soon as possible.

The girls will be along any minute.

Hey, what goes, sir?

Company's coming.

Female. And pretty.

Better get through with that shave.

Girls?

Hey, nurse.

Just a minute.

Mom, there's nothing to be  
upset about.

Tomorrow, they're flying me  
to an army hospital in Philadelphia.  
I'll call you and you can come  
and see for yourself.  
Mom, will you let me talk to Joe?  
Joe, will you please calm her down?  
Now, don't you start it.  
I tell you I'm okay.

**CALLAN:**

All right, fellas, here they are.  
- Hi.  
- Hi.  
Holy mackerel.  
Just drift around. You won't have  
any trouble getting acquainted.  
Joe? Doris Day's coming  
straight at my bed.  
No, I'm not out of my head.  
My brother thinks I'm seeing things.  
- Would you say hello to him for me?  
- Sure.  
Hi.  
This is Doris Day. Honest, it is.  
Well? Oh.  
He doesn't even believe you.  
He says if you're Doris Day,  
you'll have to prove it.  
- Do you have to pay for this call?  
- San Francisco newspaper pays for them.  
Okay.  
[SINGING] Come on along and listen  
To the lullaby of Broadway  
The hip hooray and ballyhoo  
The lullaby of Broadway  
Convinced?  
He says for me to get off the line,  
he wants to talk to you.  
Hi, Joe.  
Wait till they see that in Omaha.  
- Thanks, Miss Roman.  
- You may call me Ruth.  
Okay, Ruth. May I have your autograph,  
Miss Wayne?

Sure.

- Do you know Jimmy Cagney?

- Mm-hm.

The quicker

you get this cast off your arm...

...the quicker I'll get

his autograph for you. Deal?

- You bet. Thanks.

- You're welcome.

Nurse.

Oh, nurse.

Hello, can I help?

You can remind that nurse that 10 minutes ago, she started to shave me.

She looks pretty busy.

Say, maybe I can give you the once over lightly.

- Oh, you don't have to, Miss Roman.

- Quiet. I hear you're a big tipper.

Well, how do you like it? Close?

Oh, just as close as possible.

[SINGING]

You, you and you and you

Ought to be in pictures

You're wonderful to see

You ought to be in pictures

Oh, what a hit you would be

Your voice would thrill a nation

Your face would be adored

You'd make a great sensation

With wealth and fame your reward

And if you should kiss

The way you kiss

When we are all alone

You'd make every girl and man a fan

Worshipping at your throne

You ought to shine as brightly

As Jupiter and Mars

You ought to be in pictures

My star of stars

'Cause you do something to me

Something that simply mystifies me

Tell me why should it be

You have the power to hypnotize me

Let me live 'neath your spell

Do do that

voodoo that

You do so well

For you

Do something to me

That nobody else could do

That nobody else could do

- We thank you girls for coming up.

- We loved it.

I don't have to tell you the effect your  
visit had on the morale of those boys.

The boys did something

for our morale too.

- Think you could come up again?

- We have to.

We had a ward and six rooms to go  
when they called lights out.

- I promised we'd be back.

- How soon?

- Hm. I'm in the middle of a picture.

- Oh, dear, so am I.

Well, I'm not.

As I pass the word around, there'll be  
others who'll want to come up with me.

Good.

You do the word-passing tomorrow.

Saturday morning, I'll have a plane at  
Lockheed Airport at 9:30 to fly them up.

That's kind of short notice, isn't it?

The Air Force thrives on short notice.

You get them, we'll fly them.

Okay, colonel, we'll get them.

[SINGING]

What is this thing

Called love?

This funny thing called love

[SINGING]

Just who can solve its mystery?

Why should it make a fool of me?

I saw you there one wonderful day

You took my heart and threw it away

- That's why I ask the Lord

- That's why I ask the Lord

- In heaven above
- In heaven above
- What is this thing called love?
- What is this thing called love?

And then I saw you there

One wonderful day

You took my heart and threw it away

- That's why I ask the Lord
- That's why I ask the Lord
- In heaven above
- In heaven above
- What is this thing called love?
- What is this thing called love?

Cut.

Very good, kids, very good.

- Okay?
- Fine. Perfect.
- Can I play golf?
- Finish your game and go to brothers.

Okay, thanks. I'll be right back.

- I've gotta see how Ruth is doing.
- You and Gene are in the next shot.
- Okay.
- Fine.
- Got a cigarette, pappy?
- Right.

Look, Mr. Norris, if we have to phone everybody on the casting directory...

...we're going to load that plane tomorrow morning.

And I'm not gonna disappoint the boys.

Because I promised Colonel Callan we'd be up there.

Oh, Ruth, I wish you'd stop making me out a heel.

The whole purpose of our committee is to supply talent for camp shows.

But there's a set procedure for it.

First, they make an official request.

- Then we check it.

**NELL:**

There isn't time to check it.



We made a promise.  
And we intend to keep it.  
So in my book,  
you still add up to a heel.  
Miss Riley, your boss, Louella Parsons,  
got me into this.  
Get her on the phone  
and have her explain the facts of life.  
Louella's on their side. And so am I.  
And what's more, both of us  
wanna be counted in on the trip.  
Louella was right when she said  
this adds up to a much bigger story...  
...than Nell being in love  
with a soldier.  
- Where did she get that idea?  
- Honey, Louella's a reporter.  
When a girl in this town  
ducks out on her first premiere...  
...to say goodbye to a hometown boy,  
it must be love.  
Oh, I shoulve guessed  
there was a romance.  
- Congratulations, Nell.  
- Thank you.  
Nell, now that Mr. Norris  
knows the true story...  
...see if you can break him down.  
I'm waiting for Mr. Norris to say yes.  
- Hello, colonel.  
- Thought you were shooting today.  
Wouldn't do much good.  
The cast decided to come.  
- It's nice to see you again.  
- Nice to see you.  
Meet Patrice Wymore.  
- How do you do?  
- Hello there, so nice to meet you.  
Colonel Callan, this is Gordon MacRae.  
- How are you, colonel?  
- Glad to meet you.  
This group is really gonna set  
the boys whistling.  
Well, the all-girl band was Pat's idea.

- I hope the boys enjoy the show.

- I'm sure they will.

Hey, I think I'll do  
a little whistling myself.

You know something?

I might join you.

[BOTH WHISTLE]

[CHUCKLING]

[SINGING]

Listen to my story

About a gal named Liza

Liza, skies are gray

But if you smile on me

All the clouds'll roll away

Liza, Liza, don't delay

Come keep me company

And the clouds'll roll away

See the honeymoon is shinin' down

We should make a date

With Parson Brown

So, Liza, Liza, name the day

When you belong to me

And the clouds will roll away

Thank you very much. Now we have  
a great surprise in store for you.

We're gonna teach you

what every soldier should know:

How to bake a pousse-caf cake.

We proudly present Chef Ebberly.

Chef, take a bow.

Noonan, where's the chef?

Got sick eating his cooking,

I'm gonna imitate him. Don't worry.

- Let's go, come on.

- Here we go, here we go.

- To help you, I'll read the commercials.

- Don't worry about it.

[IN ITALIAN ACCENT]

Hello, soldier boys. Hello.

Hello. Hello.

Well, boys, today is the day.

Today, I'm gonna teach you how to  
make a pousse-caf cake with 11 layers.

You ready? Good.

Let's commence, huh?  
First thing what we gonna do,  
check everything what we gonna use.  
First, we check our mixing bowl.  
Mixing bowl? Mixing bowl?  
Where are they?  
Here's our mixing bowl.  
Next, our mixing fork.  
Here's our mixing fork.  
Must be dainty, huh?  
That's how you stir.  
Next, your finger bowl.  
Here's your finger bowl.  
That's a few fingers.  
Remember the old saying,  
cleanliness is next...  
Well, now we gonna check  
all the liquors, what we gonna use, eh?  
Show you how you're gonna do.  
You read what she says on the outside...  
...and then you gonna taste  
and make sure she's inside.  
Start first with a bourbon.  
That's bourbon.  
Rum.  
That's rum.  
Vodka.  
Gin.  
That's a gin, I hate gin, I don't like it.  
Blue Galliano.  
Cherry Herring.  
I like a Cherry Herring. I like.  
Well, we all set.  
We ready to begin, eh?  
Why don't we begin  
with Layer Number 1, Blue Galliano, eh?  
Blue Galliano.  
Take your Blue Galliano...  
Take your Blue Galliano and move  
your hands, sprinkle around your bowl.  
Go the left, never to the right,  
up to the market.  
What do you know, we're pushing it  
too much, your Blue Galliano.

I'll show you what we do  
in a case like those.  
You take your glass,  
you tilt your bowl and you scoop, eh?  
Boys, to save time, don't try  
to put them back in the bottle.  
The tops are so small,  
you're gonna spill your drink, eh?  
- Thank you very much.  
- We're going to use flour.  
We'll use Good Old flour,  
it's free-flowing.  
You can keep it in wet places,  
it'll never harden or get lumpy.  
Not good old,  
free-flowing flour. Chef?  
Never, never. Thank you, Johnny.  
- You're doing a wonderful job.  
- Thank you, chef.  
Take your free-flowing flour,  
put your free-flowing flour...  
Next, what you gonna use  
is up to your own taste.  
For instance, you could use bourbon.  
You could use it.  
Rum.  
You could use it.  
Blue Galliano.  
Don't use.  
Cherry Herring.  
I like Cherry Herring. I like.  
One dash hurts nobody, eh?  
Now we use E-G-G, egg, John, yes.  
We're gonna use Good Old eggs,  
they're not as costly as other eggs.  
The reason being they've been stored...  
...but they're as fresh  
as the day they were laid. Chef?  
- John, you're doing a wonderful job.  
- Thank you, chef.  
Thank you, John,  
you're doing a wonderful job.  
Thank you.  
Break the egg easy.

Rum. Remember, let your fingers...

[CHICKS CHIRPING]

Hello, chicky.

Hello. Hello, chicky.

Now, we're ready

for crme de menthe, huh?

Hold the crme de menthe in one hand,

take your other hand and cup your hand.

Now, pour in the cup in your hand

four drops, eh?

One, two, three, four.

And slowly open up your fingers.

And remember, you can use fingers

to keep your hands because...

What are you gonna...?

Remember,

you got your fingers like this.

Remember, you...

Forget it, you got your fingers...

...and keep your hands nice and clean

because without them, who then?

Now we use fruit.

- Fruit.

- Thank you very much.

- Thank you.

- We're gonna use Good Old bananas.

Because Good Old bananas

are real good. Chef?

- You're doing a wonderful John, job.

- Thank you, chef.

Thank you, John.

- You're doing a wonderful job.

- Thank you, chef.

Thank you, John,

you're doing a wonderful job.

- Well, thank you, chef.

- Thank you, John.

You're doing a wonderful job.

- Thank you, chef.

- You're welcome.

Remember, when you got your fruit,

don't bruise your fruit...

...because when you bruise your fruit

you'll hurt your cake.

Take your fruit nice and gentle...  
...and squeeze them  
in the pan nice and easy.  
When you get them in going nice...  
...remember, you got your fingers  
to keep your hands nice and clean.  
Now you're gonna knead it.  
When I say knead it,  
I mean knead it...  
...and when you get your knee in it,  
then you're getting pretty good.

- We have to get...
- Shut your face.
- Tommy.
- Now use your Cherry Herring.
- Chef... Tom, look...
- That's good Cherry Herring.

You know what you could do  
with this?  
You could put it behind your ears,  
smells nice.

- Fellas, Chef...
- Use it for hair tonic if you want.
- Tommy.
- Want me to tell them the truth?
- Don't tell them.
- [IN NORMAL VOICE] I'm Irish.
- Chef, please.
- I'm an Irish tenor.
- Listen.
- We have to go.
- [SINGING] When Irish eyes are smiling
- Thanks.

Come on, chef. Let's get back there.  
Thank you, fellas.  
Hey, we'll see you later  
at the hospital, huh?

- Okay. We'll wait there.
- We'll be waiting for you.
- Lf that isn't a promise, we don't go.
- It's a promise.

It's nice of you girls to come down here  
to welcome the boys home.  
When the word gets out,

they'll be flying without the plane.  
Hey, they're still out there, ain't they?  
Yeah.  
That gabby nurse is liable  
to keep them out there forever.  
Look, buster,  
this is enough to drive a man crazy.  
Those beautiful dames  
are waiting to fall in my arms...  
...and you're making me hide  
like a dope.  
- Now, be reasonable.  
- You stay put, will you?  
It's your big mouth  
that got me into this jam.  
Telling everybody  
we're going off to war.  
So now we're back. We're veterans.  
You show your face out there  
and so help me, I'll slug you.  
Take it easy.  
We're both on the same side.  
I'm not so sure.  
Would you like to come aboard?  
- Oh, sure.  
- We'd love to.  
We brought in 55 boys this trip.  
Most of them were ambulatory cases.  
They walk off and don't need litter.  
- When did you leave Tokyo?  
- Forty-seven hours, 10 minutes ago.  
We refueled and changed crews  
at Wake in Honolulu.  
Look, you've forgotten someone.

**NELL:**

Rick.  
Are you all right?  
Don't you think you're a little big  
to be playing hide-and-seek.  
I don't feel so good.  
You scared me half to death.  
I thought you were wounded.  
Him? Wounded?

He only flies back and forth  
between here and Honolulu.  
Well, well. I see we've landed.  
When you're bragging  
around the barracks...  
...about how I fell  
for your departing hero act...  
...remember just one thing.  
I think it was a low,  
contemptible trick.  
Don't worry, kid.  
She's just surprised to see you.  
She's not gonna be  
the only one surprised.  
According to the 716 newspapers  
that carry Louella Parsons' column...  
...you're at the front.  
You see, you oversold us, we overdid it,  
and now we're all in a spot.  
Nothing that can't be fixed.  
Just leave everything to me.  
Haven't you fixed enough already?  
Stay out of this, will you?  
Boy, gee, Rick.  
He wants me to stay out of it.  
How do you like that?  
That kis getting ready  
for a psycho ward.  
You're the boy  
who can show him the way.  
Yeah.  
- In trouble, corporal?  
- Yes, sir.  
She's mad at me  
because I didn't come back wounded.  
Oh, I guess she's got a right to be.  
Buster, there's no limit  
to what a little brainwork can do.  
Everything's under control.  
Ruth walks me over  
to Louella Parsons.  
"Miss Parsons," she says,  
"Look who I found. Rick's buddy."  
I says, "Hi, Louella.



Special orders turned us around  
in Honolulu."  
She says, "Isn't that wonderful?"  
Then everybody ran  
to tell Nell the big news.  
You're in like a burglar, boy.  
Life can be beautiful again.  
Well, say something.  
This malt tastes like goat's milk  
with a goat thrown in.  
At a time like this, with love hanging  
in the balance with a silken thread...  
...you're worried  
about a chocolate malt.  
You keep acting like this, boy...  
...and I think I can spring you  
out of the Air Force.  
Have you seen  
Louella Parsons' column?  
Seen it? I've memorized it.  
If Nell Wayne,  
beautiful Warner Bros. Starlet...  
...isn't accepting any dates...  
...it's because of Corporal Rick Williams,  
now overseas.  
A boy from her hometown  
and her own private hero.  
What a buildup.  
The heroes of Waikiki Beach.  
That's us.  
It does taste like goat's milk.  
Bah.  
- Corporal Rick Williams to see you, sir.  
- Send him in, sergeant.  
- Corporal Williams.  
- Colonel...  
...could I have a little talk with you?  
- Sure. What's on your mind, corporal?  
Well...  
...at least once a month now  
since I've been here...  
...I put in a request  
to be transferred to a combat unit.  
Nothing's happened.

That's probably  
because you're needed where you are.  
Men flying the transports  
are doing a vital job.  
But the same thing's happening to me  
that happened to the mice.  
- Mice?  
- Yes, sir.  
You see, there was a scientist.  
He was experimenting with some mice.  
Well, he put them in a little chute  
and at one end there was some cheese.  
But before they could get to the cheese,  
they fell through a trapdoor.  
When they'd run at the cheese,  
they'd fall through the trapdoor.  
Do you know what happened  
to those mice, sir?  
Yes, I read the article.  
They went crazy.  
Exactly.  
And that's just what the Air Force  
is doing to me.  
All I do is fly back and forth...  
...back and forth  
between here and Honolulu.  
Look, sir,  
before I go out of my mind...  
...I gotta fly out of here just once...  
...and not have that trapdoor  
sprung on me at Hickam Field.  
Corporal, with Miss Wayne up here,  
if your mind is still on mice...  
...you'll be a credit to a combat unit.  
Put in another request.  
It'll have to go through channels  
but I'll speed it up.  
Thank you, sir.  
- Oh, Williams?  
- Yes, sir.  
Been up to the hospital lately?  
- No, sir.  
- Louella Parsons is looking for you.  
Me, sir?

Come along.

- You can ride up with me.

- Yes, sir.

- All right, corporal.

- Yes, sir.

- Rick, darling.

- Hello.

We were ready

to send a search party out for you.

- So you're Rick.

- Yes, ma'am.

Nell, I approve. I like him.

We were just about

to join the others for lunch.

You come along too, Rick.

You're elected guest of honor.

Would you think it awful of me if I  
wanted to have lunch with Rick alone?

- We have so much to talk about.

- Why, of course not.

But don't you try

any disappearing act.

I have a special reason

for wanting the two of you...

...at the hospital auditorium tonight.

- Don't worry. We'll be there.

- That's a promise.

- Bye-bye.

- Goodbye.

- You can ride with me.

- Oh, thank you, colonel.

Be at the corporal's

and Miss Wayne's disposal.

Yes, sir.

Why did you have to show up?

Couldn't you have found a rock  
to crawl under?

- Hey, what's going on? A minute ago...

- Get this straight.

We are a big human-interest story.

According to Louella Parsons...

...our romance was the start  
of Hollywood people coming up here.

They're doing a wonderful job.

Couldn't spoil it  
by telling them what a phony you are.  
Oh, well, that's big-hearted of you.  
Don't tell me you're not happy about it.  
You're a big success, corporal.  
Before the day's over,  
you'll probably be a sergeant.  
Do me a favor, will you,  
and stop interfering in my life.

- Me, interfering?

- Yes, you.

Who started all this?

Who was it who came up to my hotel?

Who was it that blabbed  
to Louella Parsons? Who was it that...?

Never mind. Sergeant, stop the car.

- Where do you think you're going?

- Back to the barracks.

I'm posted in operations  
to go out tonight.

The troop is dying to meet you. So while  
they're here, we're gonna be together.

Suit yourself, but I'm going to bed.

MAN [O VER SPEAKER]: This is a special  
night up here, men. Hollywood takes over.  
And to get things started...

... here's Gordon MacRae  
with a vocal assist by the Air Force.

[SINGING]

Let me stand  
With the grip of the plow in my hand  
On the good green acres of home  
My land

Where a friend is treasured  
And your wealth is measured  
By the strength of heart  
And hand

- Let me live

- Let me live

With the sun and the wind

And the rain

While I plant my acres

With golden grain

Let me build my love nest

With a stick and stone  
On the good green acres  
Of home  
Everybody, sing.

**MEN [SINGING]:**

Let me stand with the grip  
Of the plow in my hand  
On the good green acres of home  
My land  
Where a friend is treasured  
And your wealth is measured  
By the strength of heart  
And hand

**MEN:**

And the wind and the rain  
While I plant my acres  
With golden grain  
Let me build my love nest  
With a stick and stone  
On the good green acres of home  
My home  
The good green acres  
Of home  
Where's Rick?  
He hasn't shown up yet.  
No?  
Well, I'm expecting him any minute.  
He probably overslept.  
Well, what happens now?  
After the note I sent him  
begging him to come here...  
...if he doesn't show up, I'll...  
- Take it easy, Nell.  
Now, men, Nell Wayne and Gene Nelson,  
assisted by the Cheerleaders...  
... showing you what happens  
when things don't come naturally.  
"It's Magic!"  
You know, things that I've done lately  
sure would frighten you.  
If you care to listen, I'll enlighten you.  
[SINGING]

I'm sure Houdini and his crew  
Couldn't do the things I do  
See what I mean?  
I simply think of someone unattainable  
That's when things become  
So unexplainable  
I merely turn my thoughts to her  
And the miracles occur  
When I recall her kiss  
I suddenly go up like this, it's magic  
Don't ask me why or how  
I only know it's happening now  
It's magic  
And then those voices start  
To fill the air  
I hear a melody  
And suddenly they're there  
And then  
To chase the gloom  
Her smile makes all the roses bloom  
It's magic  
I just remove my gloves  
And suddenly they're two white doves  
It's magic  
Oh, why I ask myself  
If I can do all the things that I do  
Why can't I find a magic way or word  
To bring me you  
Doo, doo, doo  
Bah, bah  
You, you, you, you're in trouble  
Knew you'd be seeing double  
Boo, boo  
Bah, bah, ba doo bah  
Don't! You won't like it

**GENE:**

**CHORUS:**

She's a doll

**CHORUS:**

Doo, doo, doo, doo  
Doo-doo-doo-doo

Doo-doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo  
You sigh, the song begins  
You sing and I hear violins play  
It's magic  
The stars desert the skies  
And rush to nestle in your eyes  
It's magic  
Without a golden wand  
Or mystic charm  
Fantastic things begin  
When I am in your arms  
Why do I tell myself?  
These things that happen  
Are already true  
When in my heart I know  
The magic is my love  
For you

Pardon me, sir.

Some newspaper people are here  
to see Miss Parsons.  
She's in one of the hospital wards  
talking to the boys.

- Better phone her.

- Yes.

Wait. I can handle this.

Hi, fellas.

Well, what kept you?

Shock. Whoever heard of Louella Parsons  
cutting the working press in on a yarn?  
This is one story she's willing to share  
with the opposition.

- What story?

- Spill it, George.

Well, it's simply this:

A planeload of show folks came up here  
and entertained the troops going out...  
...and the wounded coming home.

The boys liked it. I think  
those coming after will like it too.  
People of Hollywood would consider it  
a privilege to carry on what was started.  
You bought yourself a deal, George.  
You supply the talent,  
I'll supply the planes.

You know,  
I think I have a name for it.  
I heard a Marine use it in a ward  
this afternoon.  
He called it "Operation Starlift."  
There's your story, boys.

**MAN:**

How did this thing get started?  
Well, last week in San Francisco...  
...when Nell Wayne and the gang  
were up for a premiere...  
...a boy from Nell's hometown...  
Hold it for another, Miss Wayne.  
All right, get a little closer, corporal.  
Gotta make this look good  
for your public.  
Your nasty mind would come up  
with something like that.

**MAN:**

let's make this a real goodbye shot.  
Good. Then we'll make this  
the goodbye of goodbyes.

**MAN:**

- Have her come in.  
Have a seat, Nell.  
Am I very much in the doghouse?  
On Saturday, you girls sabotaged  
an entire day's shooting schedule.  
Mr. Prinz said  
we didn't hold up anything.  
Said he had plenty to shoot  
without us.  
Mr. Prinz is a sucker for romance.  
He's under the influence  
of the pictures he's made.  
And speaking of romance...  
...you know, Nell...  
...I like the looks of this fellow.  
Then I'm not fired?  
No.  
And listen to this.



- Miss Taylor, take this memo to Casting.

**WOMAN:**

Effective today supply  
the Hollywood coordinating committee...  
...with lists  
of contract talent available...  
...for personal appearances  
at Travis Air Base.

That's wonderful, Mr. Rogers.

We supplied shows to the Armed Forces  
through the last war.

All they have to do is call on us  
and we're ready.

Happy? Then this  
will make you happier.

The base has asked for a special show  
for tomorrow.

Gary Cooper and Phil Harris  
are taking a troop up.

The Starlift plane leaves at 5.

With a little arranging,  
you can be on it.

I don't wanna go, Mr. Rogers.

- What? Why?

- It's a personal problem.

I'd rather not talk about it.

But I thought

this is what you wanted.

I think I'd better go, Mr. Rogers.

- There you are.

- Hi, Mom.

Hello.

Honey...

...we've had the nicest surprise.

You must remember

Dr. And Mrs. Williams.

Hello.

I'm afraid l...

Rick's father and mother  
from Youngstown.

Oh, yes.

We were driving through  
to see Rick at the airbase.

They'd have gone right on...  
...if they hadn't seen  
Louella Parsons' article.

**LOUISE:**

Rick hadn't written us a word.  
You can imagine  
how surprised we were.  
You're in for a surprise too.  
Rick's here.

- What?
- Uh-huh.
- Yes, he's upstairs, getting cleaned up.

**DR. WILLIAMS:**

So instead of driving up to camp,  
we phoned Rick...  
...he got himself a pass  
and flew down.

You shoulve seen his face  
when we met him at the airport.

- He had no idea we knew each other.
- He was absolutely speechless.

You know, I certainly am proud  
of those teeth of yours.

Thank you, doctor.

Hurry and get your makeup off.

Dinner's almost ready.

Excuse me, please.

Hello.

Why didn't you tell them the truth?

How could I tell them  
with your folks there?

- Have you told them?
- How could I with your folks there?

Great.

- How long will you be here?
- Until tomorrow evening.

Well, I guess

I'll have to stand it somehow.

Yeah, well, if gets too painful,

Dad will give you a shot of Novocaine.

- Rick, dear, have some more coffee.
- Oh, no thanks, Mrs. Wayne.

See, I'm full.  
Well, thanks for a wonderful meal.  
My, I just can't get over  
how Rick has grown.  
Yes. Hasn't he?  
Come on, Mom.  
You said you were leaving the dishes.  
If we're going to the movies,  
we better hurry.  
- I'll be ready in a minute.  
- Wait a minute. I better fix my hair.  
Just a moment.  
Who said you were going?  
You kids don't wanna go out  
with us tonight.  
It's Rick's only night in town.  
Sure. Go out and hit  
some of the nightspots.  
Here's the key to the car.  
Well, see you at the hotel.  
Whenever you get there.

**SUE:**

**LOUISE:**

And remember,  
be careful with that new car.  
- Good night, honey.  
- Good night, Dad.  
Well, guess I'll have to  
make reservations.  
Where would you prefer to go?  
Mocambo's or Ciro's?  
Suit yourself.  
I suppose either one  
will have photographers...  
...just waiting to take your picture.  
- Usually.  
Naturally.  
Don't you people even sneeze  
or scratch your nose around here...  
...without somebody  
snapping your picture?  
Look, wherever we go tonight,

we're gonna see people I know.

- You can at least try to act pleasant.

- Acting is your game, not mine.

Boy, if I ever get through tonight,  
I'll deserve an Academy Award.

Well, then suppose

we just skip the big performance.

- I'll see you in the movies.

- Where are you going?

Back to the hotel.

Oh, and here's your good luck charm.

- I was doing better without it.

- Thanks.

Good night.

Nell?

Come in, Dad.

What are you doing home? I thought you  
and Rick were out gallivanting.

We didn't go anywhere.

I was kind of tired.

- So was Rick.

- Oh?

- Where's Mom?

- Whipping up a snack.

- I was hungry. How about you?

- No thanks, Dad.

Well, good night, honey.

Dad?

Yes?

Dad.

Am I a phony?

Well...

...I never thought so.

But I could be prejudiced.

Rick thinks I'm a phony.

[LAUGHING]

Suppose you tell me

what you two had the beef about?

Come on.

Some other time, Dad.

Okay, honey.

They'll be out here for breakfast  
tomorrow morning.

Now, if it was your fault,

tell him you're sorry.  
Even if it wasn't your fault,  
tell him you're sorry anyhow.  
That's what your mother does with me  
and it's never failed yet.  
Thanks, Dad.  
See you in the morning.  
- Hi, Louise. Hi, doc. Come on in.

**LOUISE:**

- Isn't it a lovely day?  
- Hi.  
Yes.  
- Where's Rick?  
- Gone back to the base.  
We put him on the plane

**at 6:**

**NELL:**

Why?  
He didn't have to go back  
until tonight.  
Telegram came canceling his furlough.  
The rascal put in for overseas duty  
and got it.  
Rick's always been funny  
about goodbyes.  
That's why he didn't wanna call you.  
He said he'd write.  
He wouldn't let us drive him up there.  
And besides,  
we couldn't get on the base.  
Well, I can.  
Mom, would you call the airport...  
...and make a reservation  
on the first plane to San Francisco?

**MIKE:**

The dope's ducking you again.  
His group doesn't leave  
until tomorrow.  
So to get off the base, he's going  
on a training flight to March Field.

I'm gonna tell operations  
colonel wants Rick's plane held.  
If this doesn't work,  
come and see me in the guardhouse.  
- I've got to see Colonel Callan.  
- Have you got a pass?  
I don't need a pass,  
I've been here before.  
I'm sorry.  
I think you'd better wait here.  
Lieutenant, you know  
I'm allowed on the flight line.  
Not with boys like these coming in.  
[MEN WHISTLING AND HOOTING]

**MAN 1:**

Where's Frisco?  
Our first bunch of rotation troops  
back from combat.  
Twelve planeloads of those fellows  
coming in at 20-minute intervals.

**MAN 2:**

Hey, Carl, let's go.  
If you go out there,  
we'll never get this gang off the field...  
...and we need the busses.

**MAN 3:**

- Excuse me.  
No luck, kid.  
Rick's plane had already taken off.  
Well, guess there's no use  
bothering the colonel about it now.  
When that dope gets back, if he doesn't  
kick himself over the base, I'll do it.  
Why, Mike...  
...that's the first nice thing  
you've said to me all day.  
- How about lunch?  
- Got any money?  
Come on.  
You'll be notified  
when they leave March Field?

The minute they file their flight plan.

Thanks.

No word yet?

Hey, the Starlift plane is in.

Virginia Mayo is on it.

Anybody else?

Gary Cooper and Phil Harris

and a bunch of others.

But I stopped looking

when Virginia Mayo walked off.

Man, how I'd like to be trapped

in a foxhole with about 12 like her.

What a way to win the Purple Heart.

They all went over to the hospital.

Mayo too.

I was just thinking that, uh...

Hm. That if we went over

to the hospital...

Well, um...

- Come on, Mike.

- Easy, girl.

That's my saluting arm.

Oh, Miss Mayo, Miss Gibson,

would you step in a little closer?

Well, look what I found.

Hi, you pretty things.

- Well, if it isn't Phil Harris.

- You got room for one more, doll?

Sure, come on in.

Okay, you can start shooting, son.

That camera

ain't never had it so good.

Mr. Harris, you're crowding out

Miss Mayo and Miss Gibson.

Do you want them in too?

I'm sorry I usually work alone.

Now, let's see. Now, lay it on us.

I can't get you all in.

Mr. Harris,

would you mind stepping out?

Well, no. Not at all.

This is my bad side anyway.

- Hi, colonel.

- Your turn's coming, Phil.

- Some of the nurses have cameras.  
- Oh, yeah? Color or black and white?  
Oh, colonel,  
is Gary Cooper really downstairs?  
- Yes, he was a moment ago.  
- Thanks.  
Excuse me, mister.  
Cooper? I could have them slapping  
my face while he's saying "yup."  
Don't let her throw you.  
Girls will be girls.  
I know.  
And I wouldn't want it any other way.  
- Gin.  
- You never shoulve thrown that nine.  
He's got two of them stashed away.  
You better get some sleep, kid.  
Look, the jack is your play.  
What's the top card? Eight.  
See? Now he's got to discard a nine  
and then you go down with two.  
Say, mister,  
you really know this game.  
Look, son, I've been fooling  
with them little tickets all my life.  
- You don't say.  
- Right.  
I make so much money playing cards  
I can afford to play honest now.  
- You've been pretty lucky.  
- No, I ain't been pretty lucky.  
You gotta understand them  
52 little monsters.  
Look, I figure a card is like a woman.  
Pick it up, study it and just when you're  
deciding whether or not to hold it...  
...put it down,  
somebody else picks it up.  
The guy's a philosopher.  
- How would you like to play his hand?  
- Save your money, I'll just watch.  
Oh I'm... I'm quitting anyway.  
Make yourself comfortable.  
Thanks, but look, stick around...



...and I'll stop after every hand  
and explain how I won it.

You know us country boys  
could use pointers.

- How much will it cost me?

- We'll just play for fun.

No, my father told me,

"Never play cards for fun."

How about a cent a point?

Well, okay.

I'll take another cent on Turner  
if you can stand it.

- Hey, count me in for a cent.

- I'll take two.

Don't leave me out.

I want a penny too.

Sounds like

you all had the same father.

Look, you could lose

a chunk of dough.

So can you.

[SPEAKS IN FRENCH]

That's French

for I hate to do this to you, Mac.

I'll risk it. Cut for deal.

- You win, but I'll shuffle.

- We'll shuffle.

You guys must have taken

your basic training in Las Vegas.

Well, where do you go to surrender?

Say, aren't you Phil Harris?

That's what's embroidered

on my shorts.

[PHIL LAUGHS]

Your play, Phil.

[PHIL SPEAKS IN FRENCH]

Sounds like Phil Harris.

- Wanna meet him?

- Yeah, after I meet Virginia Mayo.

Mike, you've got a one-track mind.

That's right.

Now get me to the station.

**NELL:**

**MIKE:**

[BAND PLAYING]

Mr. Rogers. What are you doing here?  
Well, for one thing, I thought  
I'd make sure you got to work tomorrow.  
You didn't have to do that.  
Besides, I wanted to see  
what was going on.  
Woman at 3 o'clock.

**WOMAN [SINGING]:**

I may be wrong  
But I think you're wonderful  
I may be wrong  
But I think you're swell  
I like your style, say  
I think it's marvelous  
I'm always wrong so how can I tell  
All of my hats are unsightly  
All of my shoes are a crime  
If, dear, in you I picked rightly  
It's the very first time  
You came along, say  
I think you're wonderful  
I think you're grand  
But I may be wrong  
Wish I could trust my emotions  
But sometimes I'm not very wise  
I get the craziest notions  
About the craziest guys  
You're big and strong, oh, say  
I think you're wonderful  
I think you're grand  
But I may be wrong  
I've heard that all's fair  
In love and war  
So must you be so polite?  
I may have been wrong  
Many times before  
But I'm all so right tonight  
Oh, sergeant, you better close that,  
you're creating a draft.  
Gee, Miss Wyman,

that was wonderful.

I got the feeling

you were singing just to me.

Well, I could hardly help it.

- Cigarette?

- Oh, yes, thanks a lot.

- Match?

- Oh, thanks a lot.

Marriage?

Thanks a lot.

[PEOPLE LAUGHING]

How long will you be? We're invited  
to dinner to the officers' mess.

You go ahead,

I got my own mess right here.

- Sounds like you're stuck.

- Stuck?

I'm climbing all over these guys.

Killing them.

- Gin.

- Oh, no.

Now, you see what you did?

You threw my timing off.

Pour it on him, boys.

- Count them up, curly.

- All right, all right.

Twenty, 30...

...39, 48.

You're out on all three games.

Somebody's been fooling

with these figures.

- You're keeping the score.

- I don't trust nobody.

[WHISTLES]

Three hundred and eighty-six, sixty.

I'm sure grateful for these lessons.

You don't have to make a pig of yourself  
and take a postgraduate course.

Mr. Rogers phoned. He was worried  
about your missing dinner.

I told him you were dining with us.

Liver and onions.

I expected bread crumbs...

...ain't that what they feed pigeons?

- Don't be bitter, curly. Deal.  
- I'm dealing, I'm dealing.  
Mr. Rogers will pick you up  
on his way to the theater.  
Tell him never mind.  
I may have to enlist to get even.  
I doubt if I can swallow or not.  
My throat's been cut.  
Did it get through?  
Play.  
[BAND PLAYS FANFARE]  
Welcome home, fellas.  
I'm Randy Scott,  
pinch-hitting for Phil Harris...  
...who was supposed to be here  
emceeding the show.  
Terrible thing happened to Phil  
up at the hospital.  
He kibitized himself  
into a gin rummy game.  
Any of you Eighth Army men  
ever hear of a fella named Turner?

**MEN:**

Harris will be sorry.  
I'm sure he'll be with us  
when he runs out to tear buckets.  
Meanwhile,  
let's get on with the show.  
When you men  
started flying the Pacific...  
...I'm sure you all looked  
over the travel folders.  
You saw beautiful pictures  
of lush island paradises.  
And lovely maidens dancing  
beneath swaying tropical palms.  
Did you find anything like that?

**MEN:**

No!  
That's what we figured.  
So here's Virginia Mayo...  
...to give you her idea of your idea

of what you expected to see.

[BAND PLAYING]

[PHONE RINGS]

- Hello.

- Is that Phil Harris?

- No, it's for Miss Wayne.

- Thanks.

Hello?

Thanks.

Rick's plane left March Field

30 minutes ago.

Still no Harris.

That's the name of the game.

Oh, somebody get a sling for my head,

1 0, 20, 39, 45.

It's times like this

my whole life passes before my eyes.

Blitzed again.

Pay the man for the lesson and let's go.

Wait a minute, will you?

I'm stuck 756 clams.

And I had to waste my time

going to medical school.

Good night, boys.

Let's play one more game.

There's some money in my shoe

you ain't got.

Can't you break this up?

Sorry, Mr. Harris, the game's over.

It's past visiting hours.

Well, that's a fine way

to run a hospital.

Get a guy hooked

and then close the place.

Does the Pentagon know

you're running a clip joint?

Believe it or not, Phil,

I hate to take your money.

Believe it or not

I hate to give it to you.

It's been nice meeting you vultures.

- Good night.

- So long, fellas.

Here.

- What's this?

- My address. You I can beat.

[BOTH CHUCKLE]

Hi, girls. Harris is here.

Don't just sit there,  
go out of your minds.

- I see you're still alive and breathing.

- Honey, I feel like a baby boy.

- Well, powder your nose. You're on.

- Oh, those lucky people.

Now, fellas,

a sadder, but wiser, Phil Harris.

Hi, fellas.

I can't tell you what it means to walk  
out here have you smiling...

...you're glad to see me,  
you're applauding...

...and I wanna tell you  
I love you for it.

I've been with Jack Benny  
for 15 years.

And there ain't no money  
connected with that job.

So anything you can do to help me earn  
an honest buck I'll appreciate it.

**MAN:**

**PHIL:**

**MAN:**

How about Alice?

They told me when I married her she had  
money but I'll be darned if I can find it.

And I've looked everywhere.

I'd have been here sooner...

...but I was up in the hospital  
giving a money transfusion.

Man, did he cut me up.

You're laughing, it's a tragedy.

I'm a family man.

I got two little girls. One 7 and one 8.

Now they've gotta go to work.

[MEN WHISTLING]

Hey, fellas...

...how would you like to have  
a duffel bag shaped like that?

What is it, honey?

They're ready for your number...

...and I'm supposed to help you  
get dressed.

Well, help, help, help.

She's kidding, fellas,

I can dress myself.

She just has to comb my hair out.

[BAND PLAYING]

[SINGING] I was standin' in a bar room

In a little Texas town

Drinkin' double sarsaparillas

Just to wash my dinner down

Folks were dancin' to the jukebox

Were a very fine quartet

And a guy named Harris sang a song

Called "Smoke That Cigarette"

While the music was still playin'

Somethin' shook the whole room

All the women started screamin'

Till I couldn't hear the tune

Then I looked up to the doorway

And I saw him standin' there

It was Fearless Fred the Foreman

Dog-dirty and loaded for bear

It was a year to the day

Since he had last been to town

And he showed it by the way

He eyed the women up and down

Then he started in to cuss

At all the folks up at the bar

Till a ranger who was there

Cautioned Freddy to beware

Before he had gone too far

**He said:**

Look out, stranger,

I'm a Texas ranger...

...better take it nice and easy

or you'll have to go.

Well, now Fred the Foreman

Wasn't bright  
Or he'd just stopped right then  
But he just ignored the ranger  
And he started in again  
He went down and grabbed Miss Lulu  
The local dance hall queen  
While the fella who was with her  
Was so scared he near turned green  
Then the ranger who was watchin'  
Said that he had had enough  
Because he'd been polite to Freddy  
Now it was time that he got tough  
When a woman isn't willin'  
You can't grab her by the hair  
You just don't do that and live  
When there's a ranger standing there

**He said:**

Look out, stranger,  
I'm a Texas Ranger.  
Take your hands off that there woman  
or you'll make me mad.  
Then the ranger turned to Lulu  
To make sure she was all right  
Freddy saw his chance  
And hit that ranger wham  
With all his might  
But the ranger looked around

**And said:**

I think I felt a breeze.  
Meanwhile Freddy held his broken hand  
And felt quite ill at ease  
I warned you, look out, stranger,  
I'm a Texas Ranger.  
Then the ranger swung at Freddy  
And all the lights went out  
[LULU SCREAMING]  
[GUNSHOTS]  
When the lights went on again  
Some thieving dog, he stole my drink  
And I swore out loud  
I'd like to get my hands upon that gink  
When I looked around



The only other person that I saw  
Was the ranger sipping sarsaparilla  
Calmly through a straw  
Fearless Freddy rose up from the floor  
And drew his.45

When the smoke had cleared  
We found the ranger smiling and alive  
It's a well-known fact in Texas  
That a ranger's skin is hard  
Even bullets never hurt,  
it's like a built-in bodyguard.

So remember, stranger  
If you meet a Texas Ranger  
- They're the roughest.  
- Yeah!  
- Toughest.  
- Yeah!

Gentlemen you ever saw  
And, gals,  
they're handsome critters too.  
Yep.

Was it all right, fellas?

[MEN APPLAUDING]

Thank you. Now meet the principles.  
Lulu, Virginia Gibson.  
Fearless Freddy, Frank Lovejoy.  
And the Texas Ranger, Gary Cooper.  
That kis a nervous wreck.

[PHONE RINGS]

Yeah?

Okay, thanks.

They're on the ground, Miss Wayne.

Landed 1 0 minutes ago.

- Which gate will they come through?

- Relax!

The whole crew has to pass  
through here on the way to check in.

Hey, Joe, where's Williams?

I don't know.

The minute we hit the field  
he took off like a scared rabbit.

That's funny.

I even told the tower  
to tell him you were waiting.

The guy's gotta  
be somewhere in the field.  
Let's go find him.  
It's too late, Mike.  
Show's almost over. I've gotta leave.  
Don't worry, kid.  
I'll make him phone you  
before he gets away.  
Mike, if I write him a letter,  
will you see that he gets it?  
You bet. Even if I have to shove it  
down his throat.  
MAN [OVER SPEAKER]: Miss Nell Wayne,  
please report to Starlift plane immediately.  
Miss Nell Wayne, please report  
to Starlift plane immediately.  
Tell him I'll be right there.  
I did, 15 minutes ago.  
That flight steward  
will be back here any second.  
I'm almost finished.  
Good thing.  
The joint's running out of paper.  
- Nell?  
- Hm?  
You won't need an envelope.  
- Well, what will it be?  
- Chocolate malt.  
Not again, corporal.  
You know you won't like it.  
Try again. Maybe you'll surprise me.  
- Miss?  
- Yes, Miss Wayne?  
What flavor does he want?  
Chocolate, his usual.  
- Would you trust me with it?  
- With pleasure.  
Thanks.  
Thanks.  
Hey, this is great.  
First one I've made  
since I left Youngstown.  
What is this, another publicity stunt?  
Where's your photographers?

Please don't say anything else.

Read this first.

I wrote it when I thought

I wasn't going to see you again.

This letter makes me feel like a heel.

You talk too much.

MIKE [O VER SPEAKER]:

May I have your attention, please?

Due to mechanical difficulties...

... departure of the Starlift plane  
is postponed until tomorrow.

Okay, Nell?

I wonder what happens when that pilot  
finds out he's missing a carburetor.

Goodbye, Rick.

- Promise to write.

- Every day.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye now.